spring,
Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand; Westoby. The joy of summer is a vanished thing: Let it depart, and learn to understand The gladness of great calm-the autumn The peace-of human joys the latest and

Ah, I remember how in early days The primrose and the wild flower grew My tangled forest paths, whose devious

Filled me with joys of mysteries untried. And terror that was more than half delight.

infinite. And I remember how, in Life's hot noon,

Around my path the lavish roses shed Color and fragrance, and the air of June of bacearat, called upon them to unite Breathed rapture-now those summer

Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted

The light of spring, the summer glow, are And I rejoice in knowing that for me The woodbine and the roses bloom no

The tender green has gone from field Brown barren sprays stand clear against And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.

For me the hooded herbs of autumn grow, Square-stemmed and sober-tinted; mint and sage, Horehound and balm-such plants as And the decline of life's long pilgrim-

Is soft and sweet with marjoram and Bright with pure evening dew, not serpent's glittering slime.

And round my path the aromatic air Breathes health and perfume and the turfy ground 'Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and With little thornless blossoms that In safe dry places, where the mountain Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast

can hide.

wished-for rest.

What is there to regret? Why should I To leave the forest and the marsh be-Or toward the low rank meadows sadly Since here another loveliness I find, Safer and not less beautiful-and blest With glimpses, faint and far, of the long-

Is it an evil to be drawing near The time when I shall know as I am known? Is it an evil that the sky grows clear, That sunset light upon my path is That truth grows fairer, that tempta-And that I see, afar, a path that leads to

Is it not joy to feel the lapsing years Calm down one's spirit? As at even-After a long storm the far horizon clears, The skies shine golden and the stars subside: Stern outlines soften in the sunlit air,

And still, as day declines, the restful earth grows fair. And so I drop the roses from my hand. And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take

my way. Down-hill, across a fair and peaceful land Rapt in the golden calm of dying day! Glad that the night is near, and glad to That, rough or smooth the way, I have not far to go. -Princeton, in N. Y. Observer.

AOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAO An Experiment in Ethics. BY GERALD BISS.

IID EAR, dear," said Lady Feo dolefully to her friend and confidante, Madge Westoby, "it's really dreadfully dull since I married Dick! I can't get any one-men, I mean, of course-to flirt with me or take any notice of me."

"You show your adoration of your worthy husband too palpably, my dear," replied her counsellor, laughing, "and probably bore them into the bargain with dissertations on Dick's virtues. Men are just the same as women at heart, and can't bear to hear one another praised, especially by an attractive member of the opposite sex."

"I never thought of that," remarked little Lady Feo, opening her big blue eyes wide and stirring the boudoir fire pensively; "but I can't help adoring Dick."

"Of course you can't, you silly little goose," laughed Mrs. Westoby; "and I am the first to admit his adorableness. But if you want to keep your long row of cavaliers on a string as in your prehymeneal days, you'll just have to dissemble your delight at being Lady Feo de Sales, the ultimate duchess of Storrington."

"O-oh," said that little lady, struck with the new idea, "what fun! I can be just as nice and loving to him in private-I couldn't help that," she put in, parenthetically-"but pretend -of course, only pretend-to be bored with him in public. It would be such a joke just occasionally for a change! I think I'll try my hand on Magnac at Whiteways next week to see if I've got out of practice. I used to be able to flirt quite nicely once upon a

"Lord Magnac's scalp has already been hung up in your wigwam in the past, hasn't it?" asked Madge Westoby, smiling at her companion's promptness of decision.

"O, that was in my very young days," said the elderly bride, reminiscent of her single season and 19 summers. "He's a very nice boy, though, and very nice looking," she added, in-

"Well, dear," went on Mrs. Westoby, path after running the parti of the season to earth at St. Paul's Knightsbridge, let's hope you won't offend him and that the morituri will salute

you satisfactorily." "O, Dick won't mind," said his young wife, confidently; "he'll know I'm only practicing to keep my hand in for his sake. I'm sure he wouldn't like me to get rusty. But now, Madge, we must run off and dress, as Dick always likes me to dress early Mrs. Massingham and to long for the of a republican court in the presi- there. The country is generally waand talk to him, if he has been away ways of his wife, he would not allow dent's house than any before since the terless. - Nature. himself to show it. from me in the afternoon."

"Sweet simple little soul," thought her friend, as she made her way to her room, "how deliciously innocent doves," remarked the cynical marquis; she is, and how delighted Dick'll be at "but it seems to be the old, old tale her desertion! I wonder how he'll take it? I never saw two decently bred people so devoted before-not to say 'spoony.' "

And thus mused Madge, mindful of her own conventional ties of wedlock

"Whiteways" the following week was the scene of a very gay and festive party under the tutelage of the marchioness of Mulholland, proud, plethoric and portly, and her wizened everybody and everything except his pipe. 'domestic necessity,' as he termed his

Owing to his influence and tastes, and her ladyship's excessive inability to do much but doze, their house-And sense of budding life, and longings parties were always very lively, the guests pairing off in suitable couples. | deserted you?" except at such times when a common cause, such as the solemn summons

> their forces. Somehow from the first moment of her appearance about tea-time, Lady Feo, fresh in furs and furbelows, and Lord Magnac, an amatery will-o'-thewisp, seemed inseparable; and, despite her reputation for adoring her husband, the other men, including the merry marquis, envied her cavaliere servente his luck. But, being of a kindly turn of mind, that gentleman arranged that they should go into dinner together. Dick found himself told off to take in the dull daughter of a dreary duchess of Scotch origin, but was more or less recompensed to find on his other side Mrs. Silas B. Massingham, the handsome and witty

American widow, whose charms were

in ratio to her dollars. But, though conscious of her attractions and for self-respect's sake playing up to her lead. Dick could not help constantly glancing across the table with puzzled eyes at his dainty little wife, who seemed to be on the high road to a furious flirtation with her old admirer, forgetful of her matrimonial devotion. And after dinner, when he found her the honey-pot of the masculine flies, with no more than a little nod and a flicker of a smile walked up and down the hall irritably, chewing his moustache as though it were biltong. At last, summoning philosophy to his aid, he strolled out on to the terrace to smoke a lonely a seat near the conservatory.

disturbed by voices through an open ling; I didn't think you'd mind." window somewhere near. "Here's a 'comfy' corner, Lady

Feo," said Magnac's voice. "Oh, this is lovely," replied his wife's voice. "Let's sit down here. It's awfully nice to get back into the world again after vegetating like a respectable cabbage; but one wants a little quiet sometimes."

"Oh," asked Magnac, lightly (and Dick could feel him raise his evebrows by instinct), "have you found your solitude a deux a trifle boring then? | making it up. We all thought you never gave any thing a thought, except de Sales."

"Oh, Dick's a dear," broke in Lady Feo, with a sharp ping of conscience, like a moral Mauser. Then, remem bering her self-appointed role, she went on, "but you want a little variety sometimes."

Dick muttered under his breath. "I thought you'd soon find the matrimonial chains chafe a bit," murmured Magnac, leaning forward a little; "they're an awful bore if you don't arrange not to see more than's

necessary of each other." "Ye'es," assented the devoted bride dubious as to the limits of her part. "Doesn't this remind you of that night in the conservatory at Mrs. Melville's dance?" went on Magnac,

feeling his way tentatively. "Hang it!" muttered Dick, deciding to eavesdrop no more, honor vanquishing curiosity, "I wonder what the deuce Feo's up to?"

And he strode off angrily to the drawing-room and plunged headlong into a violent flirtation with the responsive relict of the Chicago con-

"Didn't you hear some one out side?" exclaimed Lady Feo, starting fresh cut for partners, you know."

up guiltily and ignoring Magnac's leading question. "I thought I heard some one moving behind us." "Not I," answered her companion, carelessly. "No one would be hang-

ing about outside at this time of vear." None the less, unnerved by her imagination, and finding her lapse into past customs falling flat, Lady Feo shortly afterwards insisted upon returning to the drawing-room, just in time to see the beginning of Dick's violent assault on the willing widow, who had espied no "eligible" in the

house party to suit her book. She felt chagrined that he did not seem to notice her presence all the evening, but was kept busy warding off Magnac's attacks, he being only too ready to meet her far more than half way.

"Your husband seems struck with the widow, doesn't he?" he whispered, as he said "goodnight." Dick, not to be outdone, merely

nodded to her carelessly, saying: "I sha'n't be up till late; we're go-

ng to play baccarat." self to sleep in womanly fashion, her more with any one but her husband. by her unresponsive behavior, but not been so widely copied as a model in Press. to be deterred thereby, mindful of the her toilettes. Miss Lane's social digraciousness of the previous evening. rection was such that even the pres-

And so the days went on, Dick ident's political enemies regarded it

days of Washington."

"I thought de Sales and his wife were such a model pair of turtle of convenience and cash-boxes."

"Yes," rejoined the sprightly lady, his temporary fascination, "it seems to be all widow with one, while the other drags Magnac in manacles."

At length one day after a week of and the ever-complacent Charles mutual misery, the Goddess of Chance, kindly for the nonce, brought matters to a head by a simple circumstance. On a damp and dreary afternoon Dick was playing billiards alone with the widow, when, tiring of cigars, he ran to his room in the midconsort, the marquis, who lived for dle of the game to fetch a favorite

> As he opened the door without warning, he heard the sound of sobs from the couch in the corner. "What's wrong?" he asked, outwardly nonchalant, though his heart began to beat furiously. "Has Magnae

"O-oh, Dick," wailed his wife, breaking out into a fresh paroxysm of weeping, "ho-ow can you?"

He crossed the room, and took up his stand near her on the hearthrug. "Feo," he said, in a softer voice, 'what's wrong? Aren't you enjoying

yourself?" "Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "you know I'm not. I've hardly seen or spoken to you for a whole week!"

"Well," he said, dissembling his agitation, "I thought you were tired of vegetating like a respectable cabbage, and wanted a little variety." She started up and looked at him with tear-stained blue eyes which

seemed to plead for mercy. "I thought I'd give you a fair field, as it's such a bore to see more than necessary of one's husband," he went on almost brutally.

"Dick," she cried, jumping up with 'where were you?"

"Smoking on the terrace; but," he went on, "I only heard a little of your conversation, quite by accident. Then went in again."

"Dick, darling," she sobbed, trying to reach high enough to put her arms round his neck, "forgive me, forgive me; I didn't mean it a bit. Only I thought, you know," she continued, as he unbent a little to aid her infor him, he left the drawing-room and tentions, enabling her to draw closer, people would think us so silly; I didn't know then really how happy I was. I thought I wanted to flirt. as heaps of other married women do: but I found out almost at once I cigar for the sake of his nerves; and, didn't. And then Magnac wouldn't the night being fine and warm, de- let me alone-he didn't seem to unspite the time of year, tired of his derstand; and you were alaws with aimless pacing, he threw himself on that horrid, fast American widow. Oh, Dick, I can't tell you how miser-A moment or two afterward he was able I've been. Do forgive me, dar-

> "But I did, little woman," he said, bending down and kissing her passionately. "I was only trying to keep in prac-

tice for your sake," she pleaded, gaining heart and smiling, Andromachelike, through her tears. "Then don't try any more," he said

decidedly, and then fell to kissing And between them they spent any-

thing but a mauvaise quart d'heure Suddenly Dick jumped up. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "1

forgot that woman in the billiard After a hurried explanation, delayed by consoling kisses, off rushed Dick, to find Mrs. Massingham in the

middle of a game with Magnac; and somehow his excuses were received with a certain coldness. "And you have forgotten to bring

your pipe after all!" finished up the widow sweetly. "O lord," muttered Dick, making spent the rest of the afternoon.

Massingham's graces. "Only a temporary aberration," commented the marquis on the case, watching Dick and Feo together; "and I can't quite fathom it. That turtle-dove' tale does not seem to

experiment in ethics." "And a renewal of love," chimed in his companion. "It must be the end of the rub, and there has been a

"Well," asked Madge Westoby, when they were once more exchanging confidences, "what sort of a time did you have at Whiteways? Did

your flirtation come off?" "It was horrid at Whiteways," said Lady Feo, decisively; "and you know I don't think it at all nice for married women to flirt," she continued, with matronly severity. "I am quite contented with my husband."

"Whew," whistled Madge mentally, "I wonder what happened!"-Lady's Pictorial.

An Ideal Ambrican Girl.

In person, in speech, in carriage and

in manner Harriet Lane had the

charm of regal presence, writes William Perrine, in Ladies' Home Journal. She suggested to her countrymen the grand dame of European society more than had any of her predecessors. Her stature was a little above the average of her sex, her figure moulded in a noble cast, and her head firmly poised on neck and shoulders of queen. | a sight of them, and almost impossible ly grace. On public occasions the air And the little bride retired feeling of authority in her deportment was Either they or their husbands seem to miserable and guilty, and wept her- such that Mr. Buchanan's political followers sometimes would enthusiastilast waking thought being a tearful cally hail her as "Our Democratic determination to expiate her neglect Queen." Her blonde hair, her violet of Dick the next day by avoiding eyes, her fine complexion and the con-Magnac, and never to try to flirt any tour of a face and expressive mouth on which the lines of character were But it was not so easy to accom- strongly written, marked her at once plish her purpose, as Dick, after sleep- as a woman of both charm and pow- eyes are shaded with long lashes. The ing late and declining to show respon- er. Her voice had the bright musical hands and feet are small and beauti- points on economy, and left in silence "if you're going out again on the war- siveness, avoided her all day, spend- intonation of a wholesome nature; fully modeled, and to all other charms ng all his spare time with the widow, few English women could surpass her while Magnac made her life a burden by in athletic exercises, and no other and, that most excellent thing in womhis persistent pursuit, puzzled in turn "Lady of the White House" has since an, a sweet, soft voice.—Detroit Free

HOSPITALITY OF FILIPINOS. is Known to Be a National Virtue and Permeates All Classes

of Natives. In summing up the good and bad qualities of the Filipinos, too much cannot be said of their hospitality. It may be called their great national virtue. The inspiration of this trait may have come from the Spanish, but it fell on fruitful soil, for, while the Spanish resident of the Philippines, as elsewhere, measures out his hospitality in fine phrases only, the Filpinos say as much and mean it.

This trait, says the New York Tribune, is not confined to the upper classes, or those who can afford to make some display in their homes and some effort at entertainment. It is found among the lowest and the poorest as well. These people will share with the stranger who comes to their little hut of bamboo and nipa their last bowl of rice and their last little fish, and will make room for him over night on the floor of their house, where all the family sleep side by side. The family may be "insurrectos" and the visitor may be an American, but he is not likely to meet with any harm while under their roof, though a member of the same family might gladly stick a bolo into him afterward.

When traveling is safe in the Philppines one is, therefore, always sure that he can find shelter for the night and a share of the best that a community affords. In the houses of those who are well to do the best room will be placed at the disposal of the unexpected and unknown guest, and he will be entertained by the various members of the family to the best of their ability. If the daughters have been to one of the convent schools and have learned to a frightened catch in her voice, play upon the piano, they will play their most difficult pieces, and sometimes the playing is really fine, for Filipinos are among the most natural musical peoples of the world. and will often perform well in spite of mediocre instruction. A piano is one of the first things that a wellto-do native family buys. The singing is not likely to be as pleasant as the playing on the piano, for few na-

tives have good voices. While the family holds the guest in conversation the senora burries off to the kitchen to stir the servants up and see that several extra dishes are added to the already generous bill of fare, and that some of the best wine is brought out and uncorked. At night the guest will be escorted to the door of his room, where the bed has been prepared and all Fifipino when he wishes "desayuno" (the first | ten o'clock before he was at leisure. | ing within a few yards of the Amerlight breakfast) in the morning, and Then he bustled into the library to see | ican advance. But that is another then a native servant will be sent to his room to wait upon him by inches, help him to undress, pour out his water, and finally to spread out a bamboo mat on the floor at the foot of the bed and sleep there, so that he can be called if anything is desired in the night. In fact, when enoving Filipino hospitality the great danger is that the guest will suffer from too much attention and be killed by kindness, which is always slightly tempered with curiosity. Still this sincere trait is one which every traveler and sojourner in the Phil-

ppines cannot help but admire. ORIGIN OF THE KU-KLUX-KLAN

Begun by a Band of Young Men in Pulaski, Tennessee, Law Office.

When the civil war ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., welcomed home a band of young men who, though they were veterans of hardfought fields, were for the most part the best of matters by a hurried re- no older than the mass of college treat to his wife's boudoir, where he students, says William Garrott Brown in Atlantic. In the general poverty, That night Dick was deposed and the exhaustion, the lack of heart, nat-Magnac reigned in his stead, in Mrs. | urally prevalent throughout the beaten south, young men had more leisure than was good for them. A southern country town, even in the haleyou days before the war, was not a particularly lively place; and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to felhave been a canard after all; it's lows who had seen Pickett charge at only been a quarrel of lovers, or an Gettysburg, or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them, assembled in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means of having a livelier time. Some one suggested a clu- or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected, and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word Kuklos, meaning a circle. From Kuklos the Ku Klux was an easy transitionwhoever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange-and klan followed Ku Klux as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation, and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have followed a suggestion that in six years a committee of congress would devote 13 volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office, and migrated later to a deserted and halfruined house on the outskirts of the

village. Beautiful Women of Cashmere, Many of the women of India, espe cially in Cashmere, are remarkably beautiful, but it is difficult to obtain to obtain photographs of them. have a rooted distrust of photographers, and, even if they do have their photographs taken, the permission for copies to be sold is very rarely given. In a typical Hindoo beauty the features are regular, the skin just dark enough to give a rich softness to the complexion and gentle looking black are added a gentle, modest manner

A Signal to the Settler. The wandoo, or white gum, is solonial tree, which acts as a signal hardening his heart, and Feo not dar- with admiration. Years afterward to the settler. The land upon which ing to call him to task, from an in- Jefferson Davis said that "the white it is found growing most luxuriantly ward guilty feeling; and, though he house under the administration of is invariably stagnant, sour and sandy. began to get sick of the meretricious Buchanan approached more to my idea Poison plants, too, are often found

PITH AND POINT.

A man occasionally admits he was wrong, but a woman never does-she was only mistaken.-Chicago Daily News.

A Bird Dog.-Dunwell-"I thought when you sold me this dog you said he was a good bird dog?" Ike Clodhopper-"He is; you jes' try feedin' him on fried chicken an' see."-Ohio State Journal.

Carrie-"The last time Fred called he was very tender. He assured me I was his first love." Bess-"That's something, to be sure; but last evening he told me I was his latest love."-Boston Transcript.

A little schoolgirl was told by her teacher to write the word "ferment" on her slate, together with the definition and a sentence in which the word was used. The following is the result: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t; a verb, signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment."-The King.

Witness-"Fined for contempt of court! Why, I didn't say a word." Rural Judge-"That's just it. You didn't answer my questions, an' that's how you showed yer contempt." Witness-"Well, well! And I flattered apparently unarmed, and the broad myself that in that way I was concealing it!"-Philadelphia Record.

"Enough" Never Sufficient .-- Aunt Ellen-"So you like to go to your been first seen at any distance, or had my-"You bet!" Aunt Ellen-"Of | course, that's because you're sure you'll get enough to eat there." Tommy-"No; it's 'cause I'm sure I'll get

too much."-Philadelphia Press. One very cold day Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit. "Tom," said his father, "button your coat." The boy de-"Look at mine," added his father. "Yes," said Tom, ruefully. but everybody knows that you wear trousers."-Current Literature.

HE LEARNED ENGLISH. Present State of Progress of Venezuela Due to Pride of Former

President Blanco.

But for the energy and national pride of Guzman Blanco, "The Regenerator of Venezuela," the city of Caracas and the country at large would never have reached their present stage of progress, says Youth's Companion. The manner in which he learned the English language affords an excellent illustration of his remarkable industry and determination. While he was president he made up his mind to master English thoroughly, and one evening summoned Dr. Ernst, of the uniluxuries provided. He will be asked versity faculty, to the palace. It was fore the French shells ceased burst-Dr. Ernst

"Doctor," he said, "I want you to teach me English." "Very well," was the reply, "when shall we begin?"

"Now." "But I brought no text books with me," said the doctor. "I will get a primer to-morrow, and then we can finished, but he did not have an opportake it up. The best way is to begin like a child, at the beginning."

The president opened a drawer of his desk and took out a well-thumbed primer, the property of his little daughter.

"I have been through this by myself," he said, "and understand it. Ask me about it and see."

The professor took the book and put the dictator through such an examination as he would have given to a child. "Very good," he said an hour later. To-morrow we will take the next higher book and have another lesson."

to go on to-night," was the reply. "I have some English books here," and going to the shelf he took down a 'Life of John C. Calhoun." The two men, sitting side by side, commenced with the first line, the professor pronouncing and explain-

ing, word by word, sentence by sentence, and the dictator repeating everything after him until each point was impressed on his mind. They kept at work thus until two o'clock in the morning, when Guzman

Blanco yawned and looked at his watch. "I was up at five o'clock this morning," he said, "and have been working

hard all day. I think we had better stop here.' 'When shall I come again?" asked

the doctor. "At ten o'clock to-morrow night," was the reply. And for several months the two

men, both of them mature and famous, sat down in the library at ten o'clock every night and read the "Life of Calhoun," often keeping up the lesson until two or three o'clock in the morning. When the bulky volume was finished the general could not only read but speak English very well.

A Discovery in Economics.

A certain well-known railway contractor had the reputation of looking after the minor details of his great business with a keen eye. One morning, while out inspecting the work that was being done on a railway, he picked up a stray bolt lying by the side of the line. Then he walked to where the men were working on the

"Look here," he called out to one of the workmen, "how is it that I find | post. bolts lying about wasted? I have to pay for these things, you know." "Why, where did you get that, sir?" "I found it a little way up the line

"Oh, did you?" cried the workman. "I'm much obliged to you, sir, for I've been hunting for that bolt all the forenoon, and wasted a morning's worth of your money. I knew there was one missing." The august contractor concluded

that he could give that workman no

-Tit-Bits. They Knew Him, "I've a great story to tell you, boys," said a man to a group in the corridor of a hotel. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before."

"Is it really a good story?" asked one of the party. "It certainly is." "Then you have never told it before." -Tit-Bits.

Too Many Prophets. Too many prophets spoil the weather .- Chicago Daily News.

CHINESE SIMPLICITY.

Innocent Private's Request 6 General Chaffee at the Wall of Peking.

When Gen. Chaffee and his staff officers went to the gate that had been discovered, pased through it and along the inside of the outer wall, I accompanied them, says a correspondent of the London Mail. None of the party felt in the mood for levity, and I remember that I, for one, was laboring under a very strong realization of the danger of our position. We eventually discovered that the gate had but admitted us to an outer court, which was apparently between the outer wall and an inner one of equal dimensions. Consequently we had gained nothing in matter of position by finding the

gate. Before we had discovered all this however, and as we were still engaged in exploring the court, those in advance came upon a Chinese, in the uniform of a soldier, so suddenly as to cause them to wonder if he had not sprung from the ground. His proximity at the moment of the discovery of his existence, the fact that he was and trustful grin which illumined his countenance were all partly responsible for his escape from death. Had he grandmother's to dinner, eh?" Tom- he attempted to escape, he would certainly have been shot. Under the existing circumstances he very probably owed his life to the presence of the American commander in chief.

As the Americans advanced he presented a small wooden tablet, upon which were several Chinese characters. His evident anxiety that we should not overlook this bit of unintelligibly inscribed wood caused us at once to jump to the conclusion that he was the bearer of a message from "the city within a city within a city." In other words, we thought: "Here is a man with a message from the palace. Perhaps it is from the empress dowager, or even the emperor him-

At that moment I saw the interpreter of the French general approaching. Knowing that he could speak Chinese, I hastened toward him, and explained the important find we had made. The interpreter had come to ask Gen. Chaffee if the French artillery might shell the imperial city towers from the Tartar City wall, firing over the heads of the American troops. Chaffee refused to entertain such a proposition for a moment, but, of course, that didn't stop the French. In fact, Chaffee had to use all his wellknown bluntness and even employ discourteous and profane language be-

The French interpreter was as eager as I to see what was on the placard. He, the soldier detailed to guard the Chinese and myself formed an anxious knot as the Frenchman scanned the queer hieroglyphics. I read disgust on his face before he had tunity to speak before the Chinese commenced an earnest and emphatic harangue to the newcomer. Of course, the Mongolian had tried the same thing on all of us, but this was the first time he was understood. As he finished, or rather slowed down after the first spurt, Gen. Chaffee came up.

"What about this fellow?" asked the general. "Why, sir," said the interpreter, with a sickly smile, "this is a Chinese soldier. The board he carries testifies to that fact, and in addition tells who he is and to what body of troops he is attached. He belongs to a sort But I prefer, if you are not weary, of imperial guard. He says he was on duty guarding that gate in the outer wall, and left his post but for a moment, to find on his return that your soldiers had entered in his absence. He is very anxious that I should ask you to go outside the gate at once, for he says no one is allowed in here, and if his commander discovers that he has neglected his duty and left his post and gun he will be severely punished. He also says that if you will allow him to return to the gate he will show you the order which forbids any-

one to enter it." Well, we all laughed. One or two of the younger ones fairly howled. We didn't any of us feel gay, but no one could keep a straight face in the presence of such amazing simplicity. Even the general smiled and grunted, which s as near as he ever comes to a laugh. There was that innocent idiot of a Chinese soldier actually asking his enemies, who were even then undecided whether to put an end to him or send him to the rear as a prisoner, to go out of the imperial city because his commanding officer would punish him for letting us in! And when one thinks of the American casualties that were piled up before that day was over, and the Chinese dead that were scattered over that stubbornly contested ground, the gate keeper's unusual request seems still more ludi-

crous. The last I saw of him he was vainly endeavoring to make up his mind whether to stop and expostulate with the American soldier whose hold on his pigtail was too secure for comfort. or to go on resignedly in the face of the anticipated severity of his punishment when he should be called to account for his abandonment of his

One of Nature's Workshops. In an island in the Lake of Bombon is the remarkable Taal volcano, which is readily accessible from Manila. Its central crater is oval in shape, a mile and a quarter across the greatest diameter, and has within its rim two lakes of hot water, one yellow and the other green, and a small active cone 50 feet in height, from which escape steam and sulphurous gases. The strange colors of the waters are due to the presence of chemicals evolved in subterranean laboratories. The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754, wiping out four villages. Apparently the volcanic ash lends wonderful fertility to the soil, and presently a new growth of bamboo and palms appear where desolation had reigned.

Disproved. Parke-I know your wife didn't like it because you brought me home unexpectedly to dinner last night! Lane-Nonsense! Why, you hadn't een gone five minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one sise but you.-Harper's Bazar.

PHENOMENAL RECORD.

How a Bright Northern Boy, with Southern Sympathies, Built Up a Big Business.

The eleventh annual United Confederate Veterans' reunion, which will occur at Memphis, Tenn., May 28, 29 and 30, promises to be one of the most unique gathering in the history of the association. Scores of men of national reputation will participate in the exercises planned by the various committees, but among all of them none will be entitled to more consideration than Mr. P. P. Van Vleet, president of the Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., of Memphis, whose endeavors to bring the reunion to Memphis were backed by a cash subscription of \$750, and whose career illustrates most forcibly what a resolute, ambitious boy can

accomplish in this country of ours. Mr. Van Vleet was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., in 1849, the lineal descendant of one of four brothers who emigrated from Amsterdam, Holland, in 662, and took part in affairs on Manhattan island long before the English invaded New Amsterdam. After graduating from Kalamazoo college, young Van Vleet, with only a few hundred dollars in his pocket, cast his lot in the south, with whose political aspirations he and his father had always been in sympathy, landing at Memphis for the first time in May, 1871. Shortly afterward he secured a position with



P. P. VAN VLEET.

the once prominent drug house of G. W. Jones & Co., and has since been identified closely with the social and business life of Memphis. In 1879 he became half owner of the Jones drug house, and in 1884 established the firm of Van Vleet & Co. In 1894 he purchased the Mansfield Drug Co., which he consolidated with his own business, forming the Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., the largest busines of its kind in the south and the largest jobbers of quinine in the United States. The offices of the company will be confederate headquarters during the coming reunion, and Mr. Van Vleet is chairman of the committee on entertain-

ment of general officers. Mr. Van Vleet is one of the busiest men imaginable, and yet he is always accessible to those who call, whether n errands of business, politics, religion or benevolence. His courtesy is unfailing, and is a marked characteris-

tic of an unusual man. The home life of Mr. Van Vleet is ideal. He lives in a stately home, "Chetolah," on the hill on Poplar boulevard, built in colonial style, and ornamented with all the modern accessories that travel, art and good taste can supply. His wife is a daughter of Maj. A. N. McKay, known to southerners as one of Jackson's gallant Indian fighters. Two daughters and a son complete a family circle which, in genuine happiness and contentment has few equals even in the

south, the land of happy homes.

FIRST PAPER MACHINE. Fourdrinier Machine First Introduced in Saugerties, New York, in 1827.

Saugerties is proud because the first paper machine used in America was made in that village. This is what the Paper Trade Journal says about it:

"The nineteenth century will always be remarkable in the history of paper making in the United States. Early in the century-in 1827-the Fourdrinier machine was introduced to this country at Saugerties, N. Y., while the cylinder machine, as to the invention of which there are conflicting claims on behalf of British and American inventors, came into use in this country, about ten years earlier. The Fourdrinier machine has been improved in almost all its details by United States builders, until now the high speed machine made in this country holds the record the world over. It has demonstrated its ability to make 580 feet of paper a minute, and keep it up, and there are builders to-day who expect that in the not far distant future that speed will be very largely increased."

Caught a White Muskrat. George Archer Brown, whose house is close to the Canoga marshes. in the town of Fayette, Seneca county, N. Y., has in his possession a white muskrat. Like the white deer, the white robin and the white blackbird, this is a very rare animal, tradition having it that but once before has one been seen in central New York waters. Mr. Brown captured the rat, a full-grown one, during the high-water period upon the submerged Montezuma marshes, where it had been drowned out of its usual haunts by the flood. He succeeded in capturing it alive, and values it highly. It differs from the common muskrat only in color, having instead of a ruddy or dark brown fur almost a pure white.

Baby's Costly Luncheon.

The little granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Emporia, Kan., 8 lowed a \$50 bill a few days ago. Mrs. Brown had received two \$50 bills in a letter, and had laid them on a table by her while she read the letter. The little girl came in, picked up one of the bills, and began to chew it, and swallowed all of it except the corner on which the figure 50 was stamped. This was taken to a banker to see what could be done to get a new one for it, but he said nothing could be done, as the government required the number of the bill.